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PROGRAM TITLE

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

FARM AND HOME HOUR
UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS (#325)

(^{TIME} 11:30-12:15 P.M. ^{WTAQ BLUE}) (^{DATE} FEBRUARY 2, 1939) (^{DAY} THURSDAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER. Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers

MUSIC. Quartet, Rangers' Song

ANNOUNCER. In the past year Civilian Conservation Corps camps under the direction of the United States Forest Service have accomplished a large amount of work. Among other things they have built and maintained nearly 30 thousand miles of telephone line, they built five thousand miles of trails and minor roads, carried on control work against forest insects on about a million acres of forest land, established a new tree planting record on the National Forests and developed hundreds of national forest camping and picnic grounds for public recreation. According to the Forest Service, the CCC has made an outstanding contribution to the advancement of forest conservation in America.

Up on the Pine Cone National Forest this week Ranger Jim Robbins has been supervising a crew of CCC boys repairing a telephone line, and right now, as we go to the Ranger Station, he and Bess are talking about one of the new boys who was recently come to the camp--

JIM. That's what the fellas have nicknamed him, Bess. His name's James Buckney Johnson. So they call him Bunky for short.

BESS. Why is it boys take such delight in calling each other by every strange name under the sun except the name their parents gave them?

JIM: You got me there, Beas. I reckon it's kinda like measles and mumps. Most everybody has to have 'em some time when they're young.

BEAS: Well, what about Bunky?

JIM: You'd hafte laugh if you saw him. He's kinda small and round with short legs. The supply sergeant didn't have a uniform that fit him in the right places, so he looks as if he had on a bustle. And he had to roll up his trousers and sleeves a little too.

BEAS: Goodness, Jim, he can't go around like that all the time.

JIM: He won't have to, Beas. They'll find something to fit him in a couple of days. A couple of boys I had on my crew yesterday sorta took over the responsibility of keepin' Bunky busy. They've sent him for everything from a left hand monkey wrench to a couple of yards of five line.

BEAS: Oh, that's mean.

JIM: It happens every time a new assignment of enrollees comes to camp, Beas. Somebody has to be the goat for the whole outfit. And this time it's Bunky. And he's the best I've ever seen. I guess he hasn't been around very much, because he falls for everything they try to pull on him.

BEAS: But it isn't fair for the boys to pick on one poor nigger.

JIM: It doesn't do 'em any harm, Bess. Makes 'em out of 'em.
 But these two fellows - Gus and Bob, their names are -
 they've been doin' a pretty thorough job on Bunky.
 Well, I guess I'd better move along, Bess. The truck
 we had yesterday had to go to the repair shop.

(FADING) I hope they have it ready for us this morning.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

FADE IN SOUND OF AUTO REPAIR SHOP

JIM: (FADING IN) Hi there, Carl. Got that truck ready for me
 this morning?

VOICE: 'Bout five minutes, Jim.

JIM: That's good. I'll round up the crew then, so we can get
 under way.

BUNKY: (FADING IN) (HE SPEAKS IN A THOUGHTFUL, QUIET DRAWL) Hi Jim.
 - Saturday. How are you this morning?

JIM: Hello, Bunky. I'm fine. How's the world treatin' you?

BUNKY: I'm a little tired, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Tired, first thing in the morning? Did they work you too
 hard yesterday?

BUNKY: Oh, no, it ain't that. It's these pants they give me.
 They're so big I git tuckered out totin' 'em around.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, in a few days they'll have some for
 you that fit better.

BUNKY: That's what the Sergeant said.

JIM: Say, what's the matter with your left arm, Bunky?

BUNKY: Nothin', Mr. Robbins. It's okay.

JIM: How come you're carryin' it buttoned inside your shirt?

BUNKY: Somebody tied the sleeve in a knot an' soaked it in water and put it outside to freeze last night. I can't git it untied.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Haven't you got another shirt you could wear?

BUNKY: I had a couple yesterday. But this is the only one I could find this morning.

JIM: Well, we'll have to see if we can't locate another shirt for you. Can't have any one armed men on the job.

BUNKY: Owell. Say, Mr. Robbins couldn't I work on your gang sometime?

JIM: I don't often go out with a crew, Bunky, except on some special job like this telephone line repair.

BUNKY: Well, couldn't I do that?

JIM: I don't think so, Bunky. It's pretty hard work for a beginner.

BUNKY: But I can do hard work, Mr. Robbins. I ain't no city softie. I been workin' on the farm since Moses was a boy.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, you sure don't look your age, Bunky. But I'll see to it that you go out with me some time.

BUNKY: That's mighty kind of you, Mr. Robbins. Say, I better hurry. I gotta find somethin' for the captain. He wants it right away.

JIM: The Captain's desk? What's in that, Bucky?

BUCKY: A portable stretcher.

JIM: (RESTRAINING LAUGHTER) Oh — a portable stretcher.

BUCKY: Yeah, do you know where I can find one?

JIM: I don't think I've seen one around.

BUCKY: I went to the supply sergeant and he sent me to the captain. And then you told me it might be here in the repair shop. They just now told me the captain came in about five minutes ago looking for it. I guess I oughta go tell him I've done my best to find it. But I don't know — maybe they're sorta kidding me — do you think so, Mr. Robinson?

JIM: Well — Bucky, did you ever see a portable stretcher?

BUCKY: No sir. I never heard of one before. Have you?

JIM: I've heard of 'em. But I never did see any. As a matter of fact, I don't think there is any such thing.

BUCKY: That's what I was wondering. Then fellow, Bob and you, they been sorta kidding me, I think. I'd like to get back at 'em, only I can't think of nothing more to do.

JIM: Yeah — I'll tell you, Bucky, maybe you and me can work out something together.

BUCKY: (EAGERLY) Gee, could we, Mr. Robinson?

JIM: We'll see. Bob and you will be working with us over today (FADING) and I'll have a chance to —

MUSIC UP AND OUT

BOB: (PADING IN) Here's the insulation, Mr. Robbins. The boys are bringing the wire along.

JIM: All right, Bob. Give it to Gus.

GUS: I got it.

BOB: See, I'm getting hungry. Ain't it time to eat?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) No too. What time is it? - Well, it's almost half-past twelve. Let's knock off now. (CALLING) Time to eat, boys.

VOICES (OFF) Getaway for me. Man, am I hungry?

VOICES CONTINUE IN R.V.

JIM: Let's go back to the truck.

GUS: I hope there's plenty of hot coffee.

JIM: We've got two thermos jugs of it today.

BOB: Say, Gus, I'll betcha Buxie's still lookin' for that damn stretcher for the Captain. (LAUGHING)

GUS: (LAUGHING) He's the greenest rookie I ever seen.

BOB: You know that rookie we call Punky, don't you, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: I guess I do.

BOB: We sent him lookin' for a damn stretcher this morning, and he was still lookin' when we left.

JIM: He was?

GUS: Last night we tied knots in his clothes, and he couldn't get one alone untied and had to button his and inside the shirt.

BOB: What're we gonna do with him tonight?

BUS: I don't know. We won't have much time tonight. We will be in town on time, or some girls might show out with somebody else.

BOB: Well, what're we gonna send him after this time?

JIM: Have you taken him since hunting yet?

BOS: Naw, he ain't got time to do that tonight. We got leave at eight o'clock.

JIM: You might send him to look for a portable knot tier.

BUS: A what?

JIM: Portable knot tier? Haven't you ever heard one?

BUS: (LAUGHING) Say, that's a hot idea, Mr. Robbins. How about it, Bob?

BOB: I think it's the McCoy. He'll never catch on to that one. We'll tell him as soon as we get back to camp.

BUS: (FADING) This time I'll tell him the Super wants —

MUSIC UP AND OUT

VOICES (FADING GRADUALLY) We sure got in a day's work today. Sit my mail for me, will you, Bob? I gonna sit there a little while for a change.

BUNKY: (OFF) Hey, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: What is it, Bunky?

BUNKY: (FADING IN) Gus told me the Superintendent wants me to sit the portable knot tier and bring it to his office.

JIM: A portable knot tier?

BUNKY: That's what he said.



JIM: I don't know whether we have one of those in camp or not.
 BOB: No sir, I don't. But Sam said we do.
 JIM: They didn't offer to help you look for it, did they?
 BOB: No sir.
 JIM: Well, I guess you'll have to look for it yourself then, because Gus and Bob have other things to do and are leaving their girls, and they'll be leaving right after supper.
 BOB: Oh, they have? What?
 JIM: Well, Sam told you there was a portable lamp that is cheap, so there must be one. But when you find it, be sure you don't take it into the woods or any place where it might get away and do some damage.
 BOB: No sir.
 JIM: Because Gus and Bob have other things to do and are leaving their girls, and they'll be leaving right after supper.
 BOB: Oh, I see. (SILV) Oh, no sir. I wouldn't want to do that, Mr. Bobbie.

THE END OF THE

VOICES IN DISTANCE

DOOR OPENS

VOICES IN CLOSE DISTANCE TO VOICES IN CLOSE DISTANCE

BOB: (FADING IN FAST) Come on, Gus. Get on it. We gotta sit down first.

GUS: Didja see the look on Bunky's face when he came to supper? He was worried to death.

BOB: I'll say he was. He didn't sit there 'till supper was half over. Hey, where's my clean shirt? I left it here on my bunk.

GUS: How should I know? (YELLING) Hey, close the door. Watcha think this barracks is, a barn?

VOICE: (OFF) What's matter? Raised in a inkymotor?

DOOR CLOSES

BOB: Hey, I can't find my pants.

GUS: Why don'tcha look for 'em? Say, who took my good shirt? It was hangin' —

BOB: (MAD AS FOBS) Hey, who done this? Lookit my shirt? I ain't even wore it once. Come on, you guys. Which one of you done it? I'll knock the rocks offa the guy that done it if I ever catch up with 'im.

GUS: What're you gripin' about? Lookat what they done to me. Shirt, pants and shoes all tied together like a string of sausage.

BOB: Say, if you guys think this is funny — who done it?

GUS: If that ain't the dirtiest trick — Speak up, you lugs. Which one of you done this?

DOOR OPENS

VOICE: Here's Bunky. Ask him.

DOOR CLOSES

GUS: He never done it. He ain't got sense enough.

BOB: Wait a minute. I don't know about that. Sunky, do you know anything about this?

GUS: Somebody tied up all our good clothes and we got dates in town tonight.

SUNKY: (FADING IN) I was aint' to tell you fellas about that. But I had such a time with that portable knot tier that I was late to supper and —

GUS: You had what?

SUNKY: I had trouble with that portable knot tier you said the Superintendent wanted me to get.

BOB: What kinda stuff are you tryin' to hand us?

GUS: Did you tie these knots in our clothes, or didn't you?

SUNKY: It was the portable knot tier done it.

GUS: Huh?

BOB: What's that?

SUNKY: Yeah. You see I brung it into the barracks to try it on a piece of rope before I took it up to the Superintendent's office, and I put it on the floor a minute, and it got loose and when I looked for it, there it was on your bunk, just tight knots all over the place. (FADING) I sure hope it ain't put you fellas out none, because I wouldn't —

MUSIC UP AND OUT

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers comes to you every Friday on the Farm and Home Program through the courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

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